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THE HAWAIIAN STAR.

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HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1910.

Town Talk

BY THE MAN AROUND TOWN

Reference was made by an editorial writer the other day to an article in a mainland paper which spoke of American teachers as having been flocking to Hawaii and other places needing educators within several years past. The local writer, like many before, showed that the statement in the sense intended was fictional, the American teacher having been "abroad" here for ninety years, and for "several years past" been an indigenous product.

A few names of eminent teachers sent hence to the United States and foreign lands were given. Among these was that of General Armstrong, a Hawaiian-born American, who, after winning his martial title in defending the life of the Union—it might have been stated—transplanted from Hawaii to the land of his fathers the ideas of industrial education which had been in successful practice in American mission schools in Hawaii for more than two generations before he founded the Hampton Institute for freedmen youth. Two of these schools are flourishing today, one having long been attached to the public school system. They are turning out capable and educated farmers and mechanics, and from the press of one is issued a juvenile monthly magazine under the auspices of the Territorial educational department.

My cue for supplementing the editorial mentioned is found in an article from the same paper, as I believe, that told of the flocking of teachers to Hawaii. This other article is headed "The School City," and among other things it says: "No speedier method of hastening that blissful period of universal competency has yet been applied than the 'school city' plan devised thirteen years ago by William L. Gill and tested successfully in New York, then in Cuba and Hawaii, in nearly every state of the Union and in numerous foreign lands." Here Hawaii is credited with a place in the van of educational progress—not for the first time it is true, as the story of education in Hawaii has often been veraciously told in most respectable print—but it is none the less agreeable to find, amidst much apocryphal rubbish relative to things Hawaiian, an occasional piece of genuine information about these fair islands.

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Hawaii can show several public school buildings, as well as some private ones, which cost tens of thousands of dollars each to erect; which compare favorably with the best examples of commercial architecture in the islands, and for which no money was begged or received from abroad.

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There would seem to have been a special leased wireless between the soapbox corner in Honolulu, the time of the recent campaign, and a "labor" hot air station on the mainland. Only the "feeding" of the circuit would appear to have been from this end, for the raw material must have come from the soapbox and been worked into fantastic pattern on the aerial loom. Witness the following from a Wilkesbarre (Pa.) paper, contributed by one Peter Power, published ten days before the election:

"The workers of the coast are calling upon the people of Hawaii to defeat Prince Kuhio Kalanianaole, who was nominated for Congress by the Territorial Republican party. The prince is charged with being a tool of the sugar trust, with having betrayed his own countrymen, and that his purpose in desiring to go to Washington is to undermine the exclusion laws and make it possible for the trusts and corporations to import hordes of Chinese, Japanese and Hindus to beat down the American standard of living."

Peter Power goes on to prattle: "It is not generally known that a tax has been levied in Hawaii to 'assist' Asiatic laborers and also immigrants from Russia at the behest and dictation of the sugar trust. The plan is to keep a standing army of unemployed and half-starved workers on the islands to hold down wages, maintain Hawaii as an 'open door,' and dump surplus thousands into Canada until they overrun the border line and sweep into the States."

Even the soapbox malihini, in his wildest flights of imagination, did not represent the planters as asses enough to tax themselves for the purpose of swamping the mainland labor market. Some socialist reporter, even more ignorant than himself, must have hoisted that stuff upon the wireless circuit.

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The domestic liar can hardly compete, for finish of product, with the purveyor of news from home which you have to go abroad to find.

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Resting all my faculties but those of sight in a moving picture theater the other night, my ears with those of others were assailed by a loud volley of foulest language from the street. Of late years I think Honolulu has improved in respect of public exhibitions of profane and vile speech, although the old Hawaiian law made and provided against the evil, being seldom put in force excepting upon private complaint arising out of neighborhood brawls, has probably had little to do with the improvement. In fact I believe among the worst offenders, at various times, have been those in command of the police, but happily this is not the case with those now in such positions. Partly the incident already mentioned and partly an article in a late issue of the Washington Star induce this reference to the subject. Most of the article is reproduced below, in the hope that the lesson will benefit Honolulu in proportion as it is needed. The article refers to a procession, held the day it was published, of the Holy Name societies of Washington and Baltimore, "as a protest against profanity" which it says "should seriously arrest the thought" of the community addressed. It proceeds to condemn bad language in general and concludes with an appeal to "those who have regard for the sacred names and who abhor vileness of speech" to "take it upon themselves"—not in a belligerent spirit of reproof the paper cautions—"at all times and in all places to make known their disapproval." This is what the article has to say about profane and ribald speech, with opening reference to what is heard in the national capital:

> Profane speech is a deplorable habit, a shocking, demoralizing indulgence. It is to be heard in public and in private, from the lips of the young as well as the old. Imitative children catch the trick of thoughtless profanity from their elders. Little boys carrying their schoolbooks are to be overheard in the streets taking sacred names in vain, filling their mouths with vile and vulgar expressions that poison their minds.
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> Profanity is a habit, not necessarily an expression of irreverence, but nevertheess a disgusting mode of expression. It comes from a desire to be emphatic, a wish to accentuate even the commonest statements of ordinary conversation. It is a token of thoughtless, selfish egotism. It corrodes the moral nature and makes men indifferent to the higher, finer, uplifting influences of life.
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> The average profane man, the user of irreverent expressions, carefully guards his speech when in refined associations. He is not inseparably indicted to the habit. It is something that he can put aside at will. So it is not merely a case of speaking without thinking, for if it were so the profane man would be profane in all companies, and this is not the case save in rare instances.
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> True gentility requires that a man should speak with the same regard for the decencies of life in all places and at all times. Foul expressions are as harmful to the one who utters them in a bar-room as in a parlor. The vile oath or objurgation, the really meaningless but foul-sounding expletive, always reacts upon the one who utters it. It may offend the ears of the hearers, but it harms the speaker.

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Every fisherman knows that swearing will not bait a hook or land a mullet.

WHICH PARTY?

The tendency in all self-governing or partly self-governing societies is to have at least one party which is distinctly, at any rate habitually, the party of privilege, and at least one party which is habitually opposed to privilege. There may be other parties advocating special causes. One or the other of the two great parties may from time to time split and divide on particular issues. They may both from time to time fall into inconsistencies, failing to adhere to their essential motives and life principles. All sorts of departures and variations occur. Buf this remains the normal division and alignment. . . . But I admit freely that none of our parties has stuck steadfastly to its proper role. Apart from the forces that ordinarily make against inconsistency in politics, the Federal form of our government has been the cause of a long series of divisions—divisions over the powers of the states and of the nation—that have often obscured the more universal division. Now and then these old questions—questions of state rights and Federal powers—reappear. But they have lost their heat. They have lost much of their interest. There is something academic about all the present-day discussions of them. I think it is clear that they now play a less important part than they used to play in our politics, and have much less effect than formerly on our party divisions. These may, therefore, be expected to follow hereafter more closely than they have hitherto followed the general usage of parties in representative governments. One will stand rather more distinctly than formerly for order, authority, system, effectiveness; and that will be the party through which privilege will most naturally seek protection and extension. The other will rather more distinctly than formerly stand for democratic aspiration, for the rights and the hopes of the individual, for equality of opportunity; and that will be the party which on the whole will offer the most antagonism to privilege.

But of the two great parties now in existence, which will be which?—William Garrott Brown, in "The New Politics," in the November number of The North American Review.

A MEXICAN BALL

When the nine belles of the ball had seated themselves and arranged their skirts, their bare brown feet much in evidence below their snowy flounces, they drew forth gaudy silk handkerchiefs, red ones and green ones and blue ones—they go in for strong colors in everything in Tehuantepec—and awaited the opening of the dance. The gringos stared and stared, and after sweeping the line almost every eye was turned upon the fourth young girl from the right of the line. She was splendid; tall and straight as a reed. The upper part of her skirt was purple, her huipilita was red, her handkerchief was green, she had a blue ribbon tied in her hair, and across one shoulder, falling back upon her chair, was a yellow gauze scarf.

"Say, will you look at the fourth one?"

"Why, I haven't looked at anything else?"

"A little bit of all right—what?"

"I guess yes."

Then another voice over the shoulder,

"Count four from the right, you people, and then stop."

"Go away, son, you're late."

The dance lasted probably ten minutes, and when the applause ceased "Number Four," very graciously smiling her acknowledgments, the orchestra swung into a waltz. In an instant "Number Four" and Juan were up and at it, and the eyes of the gringos opened in amazement. For if there was one thing in the world that these natives could do it was waltz. There was nothing hoppy or strange or aboriginal about it; it was such waltzing as is seen only on rarely delightul occasions in a New York ballroom. It was superbly graceful, a finished performance and one to delight the heart of a dancing master. Other couples followed "Number Four" and Juan, and soon the small space granted by the crowd was filled with dancers. Every one of them waltzed beautifully, and one of the gringoes recalled, with some chagrin, his reply to an inquiry whether he intended dancing with any of the women. His reply had been, "Not on your life; at least, not until I see what they're going to do and how they do it." However, this gringo certainly did dance with the Tehuanas, and he is quite eager to admit that never in his life had he lighter or more graceful partners. How these women could waltz and two-step! He must admit, too, that he thinks he stubbed one lady's toe; and it was a wonder he did it only once, because, while her bare feet glided over the dirt floor with perfect smoothness, the heavy, thick-soled shoes of her partner were forever encountering its inequalities. He felt quite as if he were pushing two ploughs through a stubble field.

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One of the gringoes who spoke Spanish "sat out" part of a dance with "Number Four," and to be gallant he told her that the Americans thought her very pretty. Without the least embarrassment she turned her level eyes upon him, smiled slightly, and said: "That is very kind of them, but I fear they flatter me too greatly. It is probably the influence of the newness of all this."—George Buchanan Fife, in Harper's Weekly.

OF LAUGHTER

He can be said to have won the game of life who at the last can laugh. It was no blasphemy, but a far vision of Nietzsche's, that led him to say that the last savior who would come to mankind would laugh instead of weeping. That final speech of Q. Henry, the short story writer, was finer than any story he ever wrote. Just as he was dying he turned to the doctor and said: "Pull up the curtain, Doc. I'm afraid to go home in the dark." The speech had in it wide courage and a sense of values. One forgives the royal Charles much frivolity for the sake of his dying speech, "Gentlemen, I fear I'm an unconscionable time a-dying," and any one who has suffered much alone knows all the pathos and the fun in the crippled Heine's complaint that it was too bad of the German philosophers to abolish God—"for who, pray," said he—"who am I to groan to at night after my wife has gone to sleep, if there is no God?"

In youth, when we are whole and vigorous and trustful of this enveloping life, we may easily prefer tragedy. We indulge a brave desire to understand life and to know it at its worst. No rectified and decorated world, no polite reserves, will assauage our thirst for reality. We are obtuse enough and sound enough to bear the highest pitch of anguish; indeed, it takes a good deal of sensation to rouse our feelings, so thickly are we encased in coursing blood and wholesome flesh. But there comes a time when the luckiest among us bear the scars, if not the open gashes of the battle. The good, strong bones that held us upright and gave our eyes a level glance across the field of life, are mashed and broken on the wheel, or bent by labor, and then we ask for illusions, for comedy, for diversion, but above all for laughter; sane, courageous laughter. Broken, burdened, helpless as we are, none of us very much to be envied, none scathless, he stands highest who still can laugh. Laughter means that man can still restrain desires, still bear up under torment, still see himself in so large a setting that his personal fate seems small. Anger and contempt and bitterness are all equally silly. They leave us unaware of our relativity. One man's place in the universe is no great matter. The bag of life is deeper than any man's hand has reached. No man of far vision accepts a final despair since beyond the farthest stretch of vision spreads infinite space.—Harper's Weekly.

THE MODERN LAWYER

Constitutional lawyers have fallen into the background. We have relegated them to the Supreme Couprt, without asking ourselves where we are to find them when vacancies occur in that great tribunal. A new type of lawyers has been created; and that new type has come to be the prevailing type. Lawyers have been sucked into the maelstrom of the new business system of the country. That system is highly technical and highly specialized. It is divided into distinct sections and provinces, each with particular legal problems of its own. Lawyers, therefore, everywhere that business has thickened and had a large development, have become experts in some special technical field. They do not practice law. They do not handle the general, miscellaneous interests of society. They are not general counsellors of right and obligation. They do not bear the relation to the business of their neighborhoods that the family doctor bears to the health of the community in which he lives. They do not concern themselves with the universal aspects of society. The family doctor is himself giving place to a score of specialists; and so is also what one might call the family solicitor. Lawyers are specialists, like all other men around them. . . . .

And so soociety has lost something or is losing it—something which it is very serious to lose in an age of law, when society depends more than ever before upon the lawgiver and the courts for its structural steel, the harmony and co-ordination of its parts, its convenience, its permanency and its facility. In gaining new functions, in being drawn into modern business instead of standing outside of it, in becoming identified with particular interests instead of holding aloof and impartially advising all interests, the lawyer has lost his old function, is looked askance at in politics, must disavow special engagements if he would have his counsel heeded in matter of common concern. Society has suffered a corresponding loss—at least American society has. It has lost its one-time feeling for law as the basis of its peace, its progress, its prosperity. Lawyers are not now regarded as the mediators of progress.—Woodrow Wilson, in the November number of The North American Review.

IS SUFFRAGE WORTH WHILE

Are votes for women worth while? It is not exactly man's business to decide, though he and his vote constitute the machinery by which the decision will be made if it ever has to be made at all. Man's business, as it concerns woman, is to provide, in so far as lies in him, that she shall not regret being born into this world a woman and not a man. His concern is to see that she has, in so far as he can manage it, as full and satisfying a life as he has himself, a life unlike his, but not less richly endowed than his with the opportunity for full development. That responsibility man in ordinary circumstances takes with a good deal of philosophy, being much disposed to get all he can, and let woman help herself to such a share of it as she is inclined to convert to her use. This method seems to work pretty well. I think the great majority of American women are still as nearly satisfied with it as they hope to be with things in this world. But a very considerable fraction of them in England and a very active if not considerable fraction of them here insist nowadays that their life is not as full nor their opportunities as ample as they should be, and that they won't be until woman gets the right to vote.

This disposition, when it has gone on long enough and been expounded with sufficient vigor on enough platforms and in enough newspapers, tends after a while to make man a bit uneasy, and brings him into the condition of continually taking stock of himself and his belongings to see what he has got that woman wants, and whether he has got enough—whether there is enough in life—to satisfy her.

For every wise man knows that one of the things most worth while is to command the active, willing and intelligent co-operation of women in the management of human affairs. He must have it. There is no price, consistent with human progress and the persistence of humanity, that is too great for him to pay for it. If woman ought to have an immediate, instead of an indirect, share of political power, of course it is only a matter of time when American women will have it. In the long run, nothing that they want is going to be denied them that is in the gift of American men.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Magazine for November.